## Ranger Daily Times

# LANHAM AND BURKETT QUIT COMMISSION 

apponvineris ToMETHOOLST CHIRCHESTOD

POSSE BEATING
BRUSH TO FIND ALLEGED SLAYER

## MITCHELL TELLS FRANCE WANTS <br> HIS STORY TO STRONG MANTO

 COLIRTMARTIAL HEAD CABINET
guverion may CAIL SESSION OF LAYMAYERS

Earth Tremors Felt In New England RSIGNATIUNS APPEARTOBE NEXT IN LINE
C. U. CONNEILEE REPLIES TO
DR. BLAYNEY

Lanham Resigns and Others Highway Commission To
Be Heard. Gov. Silent.

Building and Loan Charter Is Issued, \$1,000,000 Capital

## New Oil Pool May

Frankell Teritor

RADIO PROGRAM

"How to Handle Temper Tantrums

> Expert Talks on Subject to P.-T. A.

## TRAFFIC TALKS 




WHAT IS MUSIC?


S15.00 REW REST

 school. Apply circulation. de,
ment, Ranger. Daily Times. EXPESTUATIONS WANTED.
 $\frac{\text { K-bUSINES Chances. }}{\text { RAAGFR TMES newboys are littl }}$
 $\frac{\text { after school each afternoon? }}{7 \text {-SPECIAL NOTICES. }}$
 Austin
 upholatering, stoves fixixed, Rom Lee
116 Ni Austin, Ranger,
formerly




$\qquad$ (anger. 11 APARTMENTS FOR RENT.



Hudson coach, A.1. condition. M. ic
M. Pain Sho. Fastland.
21-LEGAL NOTICES.


| 22 -POULTRY AND | PET STO |
| :---: | :---: |
| BLUE BUGS? - Feed Martins ruultry Tone and paint inside hen house keep away insects. Ask Texas Drug Co., Ranger. |  |
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|  |  |



MANGUM NEWS


# - Ranger dally times <br> (8)SPINSTERHOOD <br> \section*{CHAPTER} 

Barbara leaned wearily against the door jamb, hert
face resting on her right hand, her left hand limp at face restin
her side.
Outside, footsteps creaked down the old wooden
teps and clicked on the sidewalk. Then the gate slammed. The steps were hasty, decisive, with a hint of sharp-
The ness. They did not hesitate, but went on down the
treet until Barbara heard them no more. reet until Barbara heard them no more.
At last she straightened her shoulders, brushed At last she straightened her shoulders, brushed
a hand across her forehead and started toward the a hand across her forenead and started the lander the the a clock in a
distant room struck twelve. stairway. As she rounde the landin, a cock ining
distant rom struck twelve. mother came of thatows of the dining
Her mot room and glanced at the clesed door. Then she peer-
ed up the stairway. There were no sounds from
above Nr. Hawley moved across the hall bolted the
stairs
.
stairs.
Barbara was sitting on the bed whet her mother
entered. She was brushing her hair, entered. She was brushing her hair, with short sharp
strokes of a silver-backed brush, and there was a line "Would you like a cup of tea, Babs?" asked her
mother. "There is cold meat and some cake in the pantry. You didn't eat much dinner
"I'm not hungry, mother," answered Barbara. "But, perhaps, the tea-
Mrs. Hawley
Nrs. Hawley was gone almost before the words
were out. Barbara went on brushing her hair her face growing more grim every moment. Then sud-
denly she dropped the brush and melted into a limp httle heap on the bed, sobbing
When the storm of tears had passed, she sat up again and wiped her eyes. They were gray-blue eyes,
red-rimmed and swimming. She dabbed at them with rec--rimmed and swimming. She dabed at them with
a hard little ball of wet handkerchief, and sat up very trraight.
Then she slipped off the bed, thrust her feet into to the open fireplace. The Hawley house belonged
the o the open fireplace.
to that era of the past in
in
ot unusual in bedroms. ging her knees with bothe, Barms. She stared at the at it with seeing that the hrass poker about to go out, jabbed The flames shot up and brightened the room. Bar-
bara was thankful for the added warmth. Her body, in the thin silk lounging robe, was shivering with that
sick coldness which follows emotion ni sensitive She stirred uneasily and glanced over her shoulder.
There was initure of a young man in a silver frameo on
her dressing table across the room. She turned her her dressing table across the room. She turned her
head away from it with a jerk. But the eyes seemed

Barbara was grateful for the steaming tea that her rising again in her cheeks, as she sat on the rug and sipped the fragrant liquid,
"Is it all over Babs?" asked her mother softly. "Is it all over Babs?" asked
Barbara nodded but did not speak
After a long silence, with an impatient movement of her head, she spoke, "Yes, mother, it's all over.
shall never see him again-or, at least, never speak to him again. And I'm glad of it.
"He's a selfish tyrant and it's lucky for me I dis"He's a selfish tyrant and it's lucky for me
overed it in time.,
"Re in face twisted in deep lines of anxiety, Barbara wegan to tolk rapidily, in a a torrent of feel-
ing. 'Yes, mother, it's final. And he knows it, too. ing. "Yes, mother, it's, final. And he knows it, too.
It's so final that $I$ don't ever want to speak of him

rything.
"He was quite impossible-spoke his mind about
yiews-called me selfish-said I'd never get anymy views-called me selfish-said Yd never get anywhere in a profession-no woman did, except sour old maids and monstrosities. Said a newspaper office
was no place for a woman, and all I'd get out of it was hard knocks and a bad reputation.
Barbara stopped, breathless. Her eyes were blaz-
ing and her lips quivering.
ing "That's the lips oquiveravining. ${ }^{\text {anded }}$ " said Mrs. Hawley.
T've heard your father say the same thing, not only
about newspaper work, but about any kind of public about newspaper work, but about any kind of public
work for women. Mien just dontt like it, Barbara.".
"And why?" cried Earbara. "Because they're "And why?" cried Barbara. "Because they're
jealous, thats al. Theyre had things all their own
way in husiness for so long that they can't bear to
let women in
"And the ones that aren't jealous are just plain
lefish. Take father! He wanted you to have no in slefish, Take father! He wanted you to have no in-
terest in life but to cook and sweep and sew for him, life he led you!, bring him his sippers. A
Barbara stomped struck by the loak of Barbara stopped, struck by the look of pain in her It was a moment before Mrs. Hawley arswered.
"Yes, she said, "it's true that my kind of life hasn't "Yes, she said, "it's true that my kind of life hasn't
brought me much ooy, except what I Ive found in you. But your father's idea and Bruce's idea is the ortho-
But or
dox one, you know. You can't upset centuries of custom over night, Barbara
"But I can, mother," retored Barbara. "I can set
ules for my own life, at any rate. Why should Bruce rules for my own life, at any rate. Why should Bruce
try to rule me, and lay out plans for me to give up my whole life to him?
ou, as it is that he hates the thought of his wife Working for money, Barbara," replied her mother. "It hurts his pride and digrity. A man's dignity is his most precious possession, Barbara. You ought to
Barbara turned on her mother. "Do you mean that
know that."
you wish I hadn't broken with him?", "he flared.
Mrs. Hawley shook her head. "No." she sai Mrs. Hawley shook her heal. "No." she said.
"Heaven knows Tm not wishing my kind of tife for ou. Id have broken away myself, if only I'd had
your talent. If there'd been anything I could do well enough to earm mones, Td never liave stuck to the "With you,
your gifts will take you." Barbara threw her yorms. around her mother's neck.
I didn't mean to be so cross, mumsy," she said. "But

if you didn't back me up in this, I don't know what
Id do. I thought you would sympathize with mee
you always do." Mrs. Hawley smiled a twisted smile. "I do, Babs,
she said. "I'm glad you've done what you did. For she said. Im glad you ve done what you did. For
I can't see you, with your talents and your beauty
tied forever to some man's kitchen sink and nursery.

## done in the world

of of it alone; you've your father's brains make
eauty eauty used to have, and there's nothing you can'
do with the two of them. Bruce is a nice boy, and think you must have hurt him considerably, for him to say all those things to you.
"But I'm glad you've broken with him. And of Courserbara gave her mother a squeeze and sprang un
from the rug. "Tm catching cold, mumsy," she said. from the rug. "T'm catching cold, mumsy," she said.
"My eyes are red already, and if I don't get some sleep, I shall loo
lunt tomorrow,
Her mother smiled agair, reflecting the shifting "Hop into bed", she said, "and I'll turn out the light When her mother was gone, Barbara stretched ou
between the sheets luxuriously. The fire was crack between the sheets luxuriousty. The fire was crack-
ling very low, making only a dim haze of red light
through the room, picking out a few polished surBarbara saw the light on the silver frame that stood on the dressing table. She was glad that she
could not see the face within its circle. She sighed and rolled over on her face, for a final effort to win sleep.
She had almost succeeded, when the telephone bell
ang. It brought her out of hed with dragged the covers to the floor. She cast a glance
dever her shoulder at the picture in the frame, and over her shoulder at the pie
"Hello," she said. "Oh,
stremulous. "No, I wasn
"Almost asleep, though.
didn't wate mother wh
"No, it didn't wake mother. What is it?",
For some time, she listened to the words at the
other end of the wire.

## "But Bruce, that doesn't truggling for cool decision.

No, 1 don that you to make concessions. It isn concessions that I want. I just want my rights as a
human being -and I don't want a man that has to be be man lubbed into giving them to me!

## The morning was crisp and bright, with a sparkle

 Maple leaves tapping against Barbara's window woke her mot long after sunrise, but she lay in bedwatching the long streak of pale, early light that crep cross the blue rug.
When
When the perfume of coffee drifted in from down tairs, she sat up and stretched her arms. She had ing her mind upon the coming search for a job. Her eys fell upon the picture of Bruce. With
plunge, she was out of bed and across the room. She grasped the eiver frame and ripped the picture out
of it. Another motion of her nervous fingers would have torn it across
She hesitated, opened the lower drawer: and slipdea che picture beneath the paper that lined it. Then
he closed the drawer with a bang and began to dress She found breakfast waiting for her-
Her mother greeted her brightly.

[^0]
eating or sleeping, you know. Life's too short to lie
awake when you might be resting."
M:s. Hawley sooke hesitantly.
"I thought I heard the telephone ring in the night,"
"You did, mother," replicd Barbara, with a petu"I thought I heard the telephone ring in the night,"
"You did, mother,". replicd Barbara, with a petu"My, what a busy day this is going to be." She
was obviously changing a disagreeable subject. "Do "Of course you will, Babs, but maybe not the first day. When you go into Times office, don't forget to Barbara was eating toast and marmalad ewith re-
ish. Her mother, watching her, nodded her head al"Of course you'll get something, Barbara. You al ays come out on top, you know",
Barbara nibbled the last crumb and rose from the

The interurban station was crowded this mornin


With a plunge Barbara was out of bed and acros
the room. She grasped the silver trame and ripped
Whom Barbara had labored for three weary years of
school teaching. As she looked at them, she was ubly thankful that that chapter was closed.
A faded woman across the aisle looked enviously at Barbara's happy eyes and at the crisply smart blue fit and the tilted thmphant youth.
She had decided to try the Telegraph first, because
managing editor knew somethnig of her father. The place was terrifying, but she went through th
gate and asked directions of a girl seated at a switch When the elevator stopped and she stepped out into the editorial room, heads went up on every side.
Barbara was conscious of smoko, a clatter of tele-

Wething her fixedly across a cluttered desk in a nearby correr. The woman might have been six or
seven years old than Barbara. Her face was drawn seven years old than Barbara. Her
and her thouth thin and supercilious.
The city editor looked up from his work as Barbara
approached. ${ }^{\text {Mr Mr. McDermott does not get down un- }}$ thproached. "Mr. MeDermott does not get down un-
til a little later," he. said in answer to her question Sut if you are looking for employment, I may as well
 him, anyway." waited she glanced around the orfice
While she wate obacco smoke curled about the head of every ma in the room. Shouts and replies went hurting on ev
ery side and reckness errand boys brushed around he Chair perilousty.
Berbara was surprised to see that everybody, in-
luding the city editor, was working in his shir cluding the city editor, was working in his shirt

The woman at the corner desk shot several glances
of hostility at Barbara, and turned away angrily of hostility at Barbara, and turned away angrily
when Barbara caught her eye. An extraordinarily when Barbara caught her eye. An extraordinarily
homely youth was dashnig in and out of a mysterious door that gave short glimpses of a blacker chaos be-
yond. From the door came a clatter of metallic sounds
The
The curious glances of the workers at the type writer desks had almost ruined Barbara's morale, who approcahed her, and with a jerk of his elbow
toward a tiny enclosed office, announced, "Mr. Mc-
Dermott's in there now ",
The moment had come. Barbara looked around
wildly. She could see no escape. So, with an added wildly. She could see no escape. So, with an added
bit of swagger, she crossed the room to the enclosure A. man who looked to be about 42 raised his head
from a pile of proofs. His face was thin and deeply
lined. His eyes were strikingly blue against a bronzed skin.
"You are Miss Hawley?" He was looking at a card that Barbara had given the city editor
my mother reminded me to tell you." She smiled. McDermott raised his eyes and studied her face,
our father was a brilliant man, Miss Hawley." Then he added, "but not a very successful man,
Barbara was taken aback. She thought of her
mother's struggle against necessity and against Ed mard Hawley's erratic tempe
"No." she said, "I think no
McDermott was evidently
"A job," answered Barbara, smiling again. "I
don't care what it is, so long as it lets me into the
give you one?" queried McDDermott, looking at her
through lazy, half-shut lids. "What experience have Barbara flushed. "Nore in the newspaper line." she confessed. "But I can write. And I'm fairly well
educated. I have taught for three years at the Vileducated. I have taught for three years at the Vil-
mont Country Day School." mont Country Day School."
"And what connection do tyou think that has withi newspaper work?", "At least it should help me to write good English."

McDermott smiled, with evident relish of her fire. "We have no job at present," he drawled. Bar-
bara's mouth drooped. "And of course, to make this bara's mouth drooped. "And of course, to make this half a dozen editors before anybody gives you a
glimmer of encouragement. Never saw a cub who amounted to a darn, without that initial a ordeal.
"But there aren't half a dozen
protested Barbara. "There are only Mr. Morledge of the Press and Mr. Simmons of the Tribune left,
if you refuse me. And I'd much rather work for the Telegraph;
"Fm-m," said McDernott.' "Then it looks as if I
would have to make a job for you, doesn't it? Now, Your father had brains, you know, What do you say as it happens, am inclined to do that very thing.
to a reporter's place at $\$ 25$ a week, starting Mon-
Barbara did not hesitate. "I'd like it," she answer-
"Don't be too sure you would. In the Telegraph
office the newest cub may have to do anything from interviewing the president to sweeping out the composing room."
She was about to thank him, when she realized that ed his back on her and was rattling away at a tilarned his back on her and was rattling away at a dilapi-
dated typewriter, with his two index fingerc she went out.
On the car going back home Barbara met Wilma Wilma welcomed her with glee and began to chat-
Wilreet.
ter about the trousseau she had been buyin ter about the trousseau she had been buying in town.
"I'll tell you, Babs, I have a grand idea. Why don't you and Bruce get married next month and-have a
double wedding with us? ouble wedding with us? I've juşt been shopping Barbara replied crisply, "for the good reason that
I'm not going to marry Bruce or anyone else. I'm goirg to be a reporter on the Telegraph. If you like, I'll give you my madeira luncheon set that I bought 1or my hope chest. I ve outgrown those things now,"
Wilma's mouth and eyes widened. "Why, Bab, what do you mean? You and Bruce-!",
"Just that. We've quit. I'm going out for journalism and a career." "As a reporter?" asked Wilma. She pronounced "As a reporter?", asked Wilma. She pronounced
the word with a slightly flat tone, as she might have the word with a slightly flat tone, as she might have
spoken of something bevond the social pale.
"Exactly." Barbara retreated into the pages oft
her newspaper
the front steps.
(To Be Continued)



[^0]:    Her , mother greeted her brightly. "Sleep well,

